

THE LIGUORIAN



IN THIS ISSUE

FATHER TIM CASEY	- - - - -	530
C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.		
SWORD AND CROSS (Concluded)	- - - - -	535
Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.		
RAMBLINGS ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY	- - - - -	546
C.Ss.R.		
THE HOUSE ON AVENUE A	- - - - -	551
D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.		

DECEMBER—1928

Per Year, \$2.00; Canada and Foreign, \$2.25; Single Copies, 20c
REDEMPTORIST FATHERS, Box A, OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

(Cont.)

Our Lady's Lullaby.....	529
James Smiley, C.Ss.R.	
A Christmas Wish.....	562
Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.	
Catholic Anecdotes.....	560
Pointed Paragraphs.....	562
Our Lady's Page.....	568
Catholic Events.....	572
Book Reviews.....	575
Lucid Intervals.....	576

CALENDARS

for

1929!

30c each

4 for \$1.00

\$2.50 per doz.

Subscription per year, \$2.00. Canada and Foreign, \$2.25. Single Copies, 20 cents.

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVI.

DECEMBER, 1928

No. 12

Our Lady's Lullaby

1

"O Mother lull to sleep thy Child
And press Him close to Thee.
Full soon the rabble raging wild
Shall nail Him to the Tree.
Sleep, Jesus, sleep, nor glimpse the Way
That leads to Calvary
Too great my bliss with Thee today
To think of losing Thee."

2

"O Shepherds come to greet your King
This Lowly Babe adore:
Soon men shall insults at Him fling
All bathed in Blessed Gore.
Rest, Jesus, rest, upon the straw
Behold Thy Mother near,
My kisses mixt with love and awe
Shall banish all Thy fear."

3

"Ah blessed joys of Bethlehem
Too soon must they depart
Full glad the price I pay for them,
A sword within my Heart.
Peace, Jesus, peace, I am with Thee
I hear Thy Infant sighs,
Our Cross, for all mankind shall be
The key to Paradise."

—James Smiley, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

CLIMATES AND CUSTOMS

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

There are some people money can't spoil. Dominic Galloran was one of these people; so, too, was his wife—almost. Time was when all Dominic's wealth had consisted in three hundred and twenty-five dollars salted down in the savings bank. He drew it out, borrowed three hundred more, and bought the most worthless looking vacant lot on Water Street. Then, two years later, he sold the selfsame bit of ground for five thousand. Mickey Breen, that worked beside him in the gas house, said it was fool's luck. At any rate, it proved a very persistent brand of luck, for Dominic kept on doing that kind of thing on a continually increasing scale. He ended by finding himself a rich man, and, by the same token, Mrs. Galloran found herself a rich man's wife.

On their last visit to the "Old Country" they decided, instead of going straight home to America, "to take a bit of a jaunt" through France and Italy, "and mebbe, God willin', kneel for the blessing of the Holy Father himself." That is how they happened to be aboard the S. S. Colombo as she made a long curve through the blue waters of the Bay of Naples and turned her prow toward the U. S. A.

Seeing a priest among the passengers, they had, of course, lost no time in introducing themselves and proffering their services in every way possible to His Reverence. They learned that he was, like themselves, an American citizen, and that he answered to the name of Father Timothy Casey. Salutations ended, the three drew their chairs up to the rail and sat gazing at the most charming scene in the world. Happening to glance down at the water, Mrs. Galloran saw, to her surprise, that they were surrounded by small craft of every possible variety.

"Glory be to God," she exclaimed, "will thim Eyetalians folly us across the say?"

"These are not the boatmen who were shouting and making such a fuss at the wharf," the priest explained. "They are a fleet of fishing boats which we have overtaken. See, the Bay is dotted all over with their little barks." A sweeping gesture accompanied his words.

The oarsmen in one of the nearst boats mistook this gesture for a salute. He waved a bare brown arm and shouted:

"La Madonna vi accompagni!"

"He swore at you, didn't he?" asked Dominic. "The dirty Dago, I've a mind to—"

"He said," interrupted the priest, "may God's Blessed Mother go with you on your voyage."

"Did he now?" exclaimed Mrs. Galloran. "Shure he must be a Christian after all. But he didn't need to give you such a wicket black look when he said it."

"I fear you are not partial toward the Italians, Mrs. Galloran. You did not stay long enough in their lovely land to learn to appreciate them."

"Not long enough! It was too long thin. I seen enough spaghetti in the last four weeks to make a cable that would carry Brooklyn Bridge, no less."

"Father, you must not take my wife too serious," said Dominic. "In her heart she loves the Eyetalians. She thinks they are so much like the Irish from her own Donegal. If she does be sayin' some harsh things about them, now, 'tis because her nerves are onsthung. The trip was a little too strenuous for one of her age. You see she is not so young as she used to be."

"Thim are wonderful words of wisdom from you, Domnic Galloran," she flashed back. "For that matter, even an on-waned babe is not so young as it used to be. Howsoever, if you mean to insinuate that I am so old I cannot get about without a wheel chair, I'll just say this: I thank God, my head is not wake—which is more nor I can say for some others."

Mr. Galloran chuckled with satisfaction at the "rise" he had taken out of his better half. Rising and stretching his thick muscular arms, he said:

"I think I'll be taking a stroll about the deck. See you later, Father Murphy."

But his wife had neither forgiven nor forgotten. "His name is not Murphy, if you plaze. 'Tis Father Timothy Casey. And you'll not show your poor breeding by walking off and leaving the priest. Stay right where you are. You need not be casting sheep's eyes at the bar. You've had bar enough already."

"Mamma, Mamma, Mamma!" From a near-by stateroom window

came the plaintive voice of a little fellow who was essaying his first voyage on the bounding main.

"Mamma! Mamma!" And when, at last, he had got the attention of his mother—and of most of the other passengers besides—he followed up with a burst of Italian.

"God love him, what did the poor child say?" asked Mrs. Galloran.

"He said, 'Mamma, my supper won't stay swallowed.'"

Four weeks' touring Italy had left an indelible impression on Mrs. Galloran. She simply could not keep off the subject.

"Did you ever see the likes of it—the way them Eytalians do things?"

"In what particular case?"

"In everything—the way they dress, the stuff they eat, in everything. Just imagine the women lugging all their dirty clothes down town to wash them in a horse trough, and carryin' a pail of water on the top of their head instead of in their hands like Christians."

"Shure they need their two hands to talk with," interpolated Dominic.

The wife gave him a withering look and continued: "And even their fine homes, they build them right up to the sidewalk without leavin' room for a tree or a blade of grass. And their churches, never a pew nor a kneeling bench; one person facing this way, the next person facing 'tother way, a third facing somewheres else—no more order than a Kerry wake. And to see the priests getting on a train or a street car and thim dressed as though they were going out on the althar to sing Vespers, and the bare spot on the top of their heads and the funny hats—arrah, 'tis a quare counthry entirely."

"It isn't that you want a priest—a Captain in the army of Christ—to be ashamed of his uniform?"

"God forbid," said the good lady.

"The cassock, the Roman hat, and so forth, form the priest's uniform. Why should he lay it aside just because he is going in public where others will see it?"

"Yes, but why can't they wear the uniform of the priests in America? There's our own Father O'Brien, the Pastor of St. Malachy's, at home. How noble he looks when he comes swinging down the street in his priest's uniform. Glory be to God, 'twill do my eyes good to see him again."

"His uniform! Simply turning his collar hind-side-foremost is a

poor excuse for a uniform. However, this is permitted in America, as a compromise, on account of the vast number of Protestants and unbelievers. The real uniform of the priest is the cassock, the tonsured head, the Roman hat. In Italy it is the correct thing; in America it is not. So there you are."

"Shure that's what I do be tellin' her," said Dominic. "Lave them have their ways, and lave us have ours; and good luck to the both of us."

"All the same," the good lady persisted, "'tis a topsy-turvy counthry where the priests go down the street as if they were in church, and the people carry on in church as if they were on the street. Why cannot they be at laste respectful in the house of God?"

"Respectful we must always be; but respect is manifested in different ways under different circumstances. For instance, there is your good neighbor, Mrs. Cassidy. With a shawl on her head, the baby in her arms, and the dog at her heels, she slips in the back way and perches on your kitchen table for a heart-to-heart chat. You would not say she is treating you with disrespect, would you?"

"No, indeed."

"But if suddenly you would get the idea to station outside a couple of servants in blue jackets and boiled shirts to warn Mrs. Cassidy and all the rest of the neighbors that they must come in the front way and sit bolt upright in a row of stiff-backed chairs in the parlor and speak in whispers and leave the dogs outside and never allow a baby to utter a whimper—and all this to show due respect to Your Worship, Mrs. Dominic Galloran, what would they think of you?"

"Shure, they would think me ready for the mad house."

"Which proves," continued the priest, "that respect may be manifested in different ways under different circumstances. For America, the formal parlor etiquette is the correct thing in church; in Italy they prefer the free-and-easy, back-kitchen way, when they drop in, like privileged children, for a visit to their Father's House."

"When a body is in church, it were more beseeing to sit quiet and think of their prayers—and that's my opinion!" said Mrs. Galloran.

"Yet a body can be very quiet and pious looking, and be thinkin' up no end of divilment, none-the-less," commented Dominic.

"This would be a drab and uninteresting old world, if everybody were to do everything in exactly the same way," said Father Casey. "What is it that makes your bonnet so attractive, Mrs. Galloran? It

is the variety of shades and colors in the ribbons and flowers. It is the same with habits and customs. Variety gives beauty and interest. The Italian eats spaghetti every day while you eat potatoes. The Italian drinks wine at meals while you drink coffee."

"They are sensible people, they are," murmured Dominic.

"The Italian puts his palms and orange trees behind the house where the family can enjoy them; you plant your grass and flowers in front of the house where the passers-by can see them. The Italian has floors of stone; you have floors of wood. In winter the Italian's house is too cold; yours is too hot. Most of their customs are better adapted to the climate and conditions of Italy; most of your customs are better adapted to the climate and conditions of America. None of their ways are better, simply because they are their ways; none of your ways are better, simply because they are your ways. Each can, with pleasure and profit, study the ways of the other. But you will derive neither profit nor pleasure from your travels in Italy if you begin from the outset to condemn everything that is different from what you happened to do and see in America. Dealing with nations is like dealing with individuals, the charitable man tries to see what is best in his neighbor. Unfailingly he finds some admirable traits which he can copy with profit. Thus he learns to love his neighbors and to be happy in their company. In like manner the broad-minded man begins his travels in a foreign country with a friendly feeling toward the inhabitants and a readiness to recognize and appreciate their good qualities. Thus his stay among them will be both happy and fruitful; it will give him a deeper insight into that most captivating of sciences, the knowledge of the human heart."

Dominic, who had been watching for a chance, sprang briskly to his feet. "Well, now, there's a friend of mine I didn't know was on the boat at all. You'll excuse just a minute, Father—Father Hinnessy."

"He is not Father Hinnessy, he is Father Casey. And you needn't be in such a fluster. That friend of yours is not going to get off and walk. He'll be on the boat in the morning."

But her last words were spoken to the watery wastes; Dominic had already disappeared down the companionway leading to the bar.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage; half shut after.—
Franklin.

Sword And Cross

GENERAL LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

One of the greatest blessings on earth is a true friend. No wonder a poet has written:

"Not least I thank Thee for each holy friend
Whom Thou hast taught to tender me a love
Unearned as sweet, whose daily prayers ascend
More potent than mine own could ever prove,
Whose face Thou wilt accept as Job's of old
And, guilt condoned, my weakness wilt uphold."

FRIENDSHIPS

General De Sonis' friendships are a remarkable phase of his life: they were so well chosen, so strong and lasting, so tender and holy. His friends were men who could keep his ideals high and noble and clear, and for whom, in turn, he was ready to do anything.

"Yes," he wrote at the time of his governorship of Saida, "I feel I have been faithful to my God, to my princes, and to the Church. I am faithful, too, to my friends, for they would not be such, if they were not first the friends of Our Lord."

That was the first thing he required of one whom he chose as friend: that he be first a friend of Our Lord. Among these chosen ones were chiefly General Charette, who had commanded the Papal Zouaves under Pius IX, Captain, later Dom Sarlat, M. Henri Lamy de la Chapelle, and the Count Louis de Seze. The two last were his closest lifelong friends and the constant correspondence carried on between them is evidence at once of the intimacy and nobility of this friendship.

Writing one day to Madame de Seze, his friend's wife, he says:

"I am not worth much; but I will yield to no one in tender devotion to my old friends. However few they may be, I need not say what place your Louis holds among them. Our love is of old date, and rests on a community of faith and principles; it should last longer than human life. It is, then, beyond the horizon which we call death, that my thoughts rest with regard to my real friends. I am faithful to them in prayer, and love to think that they will remember me beyond the grave."

And in another letter he remarks:

"I never kneel down to say my prayers without remembering my friends."

Before leaving Limoges as a young Lieutenant, he had agreed with M. Lamy and his wife, that he and Madame de Sonis should say the Rosary for each other on the 27th of each month. Ten years later, on July 27, 1869, de Sonis wrote:

"You know that on this day we were specially united to each other in the Rosary, which we have never omitted. I am writing just after leaving the altar, where I have asked for you and yours, who are so dear to us, all the graces which you may need."

Throughout his letters we find scattered such remarks as these which reveal to us his constant thoughtfulness for his friends and at the same time his wise and true affection:

"I prayed much for you in the Communion I received in the Carmelite Church yesterday (after the Moroccan campaign, in which the cholera proved more fatal than the enemy); it seems that in that spot one's prayers had wings and mounted straight to heaven." This to M. Lamy. And again, to the same devoted friend he wrote after a campaign in the Desert:

"You, my dear Henry, swim in quiet waters, while I am continually carried away by a torrent which will stop, God only knows when! But we must all submit cheerfully to the Will of God. All true Christianity consists in that."

And to his other friend, Count Louis de Seze, he writes from Africa:

"All my thoughts are centered in the future of my children. I do not know what will become of them. I firmly believe that God will give them bread, for I have none to give them. But my great anxiety is, that they should be faithful to God, and to the traditions which I shall leave them. I would rather see them die of hunger than that they should become indifferent to piety and religion. Yet God knows how I love them! But what is life compared with eternity?"

"Let us make our Communions if you will, the first Friday of each month for our children; but with this sole intention, that they become fervent Christians."

It seems to have been de Sonis' practice to cement and weld every friendship with some compact of prayer. Separated as he was from all

he loved, and always exposed to danger, no doubt, he felt that he could keep near to them by being united to them in God.

Count de Seze's son was about to enter the army after having completed his course at the military schools. He wrote to de Sonis and asked him to keep an eye on the boy. De Sonis replied "that if his son came into a regiment under his command he would look after him as if he were his own child."

Somewhat later the young man was actually assigned to de Sonis' division. In a letter written shortly after to the boy's mother, we read:

"Your son Gaston is a capital fellow, and is much liked and appreciated by all who know him; and I am particularly proud of this, because he is looked upon very much as my son."

He hoped, after he had been retired from active service owing to the loss of his limb at the battle of Loigny, that he might see his old friend de Seze again. And when in 1880 he was ordered to Limoges as Inspector of Cavalry, he thought his fond wish would be realized. However, before he was able to start, he received news of his friend's fatal illness. De Sonis' letters at the time betray his heart-breaking anxiety. To the Count de Seze, however, he preserves the high and brave tone these stalwart friends ever used toward each other:

"Our sublime vocation," he wrote to the dying Count, "is holiness. It is to us, children of the Church, that those divine words were spoken: 'be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect.' A de Seze must have great influence over the heart of his patron, the holy king and martyr (St. Louis of France, after whom the Count was named). For many years you have had a place in my prayers, morning and night. I shall now pray to St. Louis to put an end to your sufferings and to present you to Our Lord as an acceptable sacrifice."

He would gladly have hastened to the bedside of his friend, but his duties prevented this. He wrote to his wife:

"My prayers, I trust, replace me by his dear pillow. I am always with him in heart, if not in person. I embrace him with my whole soul, and I pray to Our Lord and to Our Lady of Sorrows, day and night, to assist him in his agony."

When the Count had passed away, de Sonis wrote to his soldier son, the same who had been confided to his care some years before, a letter that reveals the depths of his friendship and faith:

"I am with you, my dearest child, more than you can imagine; and

devoted as I have always been to your dear father, it seems to me that I am even more so now that his memory is all that remains to us on earth.

"Our Lord has revealed to us the secrets of death, so terrible a thing to a man that sees only destruction in it; so full of consolation to those who thirst for union with Jesus Christ. In the midst of your sorrow our good God gives you immense consolation; for you can turn your eyes from the dust which covers his remains, to look with joy and certitude above, where the soul which was so dear to you and to me is rejoicing in the fullness of eternal happiness."

Then—how could this stalwart Christian do otherwise—de Sonis adds a few words of counsel on the regulation of his daily life, "with the altar for its center, prayer for its food, moral strength for its effect, and peace of mind for its reward."

Similar sentiments were called forth by the death, only four months later, of his other lifelong friend, M. Henri Lamy de la Chapelle. On that occasion, de Sonis wrote to one of his own sons:

"My poor dear friend, and your God-father, M. Lamy, is dead. He had passed the evening with your mother and sisters, and seemed quite well, when the next morning, he was taken with a heart attack which killed him at once. He had just come back from Lourdes, where he had prayed with the piety which you so well know. I have cried a great deal over this news, for Henri was my best and dearest friend. In these last months I have lost the only two people I have really loved outside of my own family—the Count de Seze and Henri."

To his old friend's widow he wrote these beautiful lines, so characteristic of the old General:

"Poor, dear Lady! You know what you have lost, but you know that I also have lost my dearest friend. Be strong, I beseech you, under the hand of God which strikes you. Do what the world does not know how to do: bless the Hand that seems so cruel to our poor human nature, but is so tender to a Christian heart.

"It is not necessary to say to you, 'Hope against hope.' You have the testimony of a life full of faith, of a hope which always believed firmly in the Divine promises, of a charity which was inexhaustible and which showed its devotion to all who were poor and miserable. You, better than anyone, knew the measure of that great, that noble, that generous, that tender heart—and that heart has ceased to beat! Weep,

then; it is your right, and it is also mine. But be worthy of him even in your grief. Look at him in the bosom of eternal life; in possession of that reward toward which he ever marched with firm step. To doubt for a moment of his happiness, would be to sin against the virtue of hope and the inexhaustible love of our Lord, Jesus Christ. I pray with you, Madame, but I wait for your permission to go and weep with you."

One hardly knows which to admire most: the character of the man that could have called forth such admiration, or the man who could give it so sincerely.

Unfortunately many of De Sonis' letters to his friends are lost. To the former Captain de Sarlat, who had become a Benedictine monk, and who owed his vocation, as he said himself, to de Sonis, the General wrote:

"Promise me to burn all my letters after having read them, and then I feel that I can talk to you freely in all liberty and simplicity."

This promise he also exacted of others—it was inspired by his true humility, which made him dread every sort of publicity and shrink from praise. Still, those letters that remain are sufficient to give us a good idea of the character and personality of the General.

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

We have dwelt so long on the loyalty of General de Sonis to his friends, that we have little space for his other loyalties to country and to Church. And if in his loyalty to his friends we see the tender and human side of the man, in his loyalty to his country and Church we get a glimpse of the sterner and braver qualities of his character.

His love for his country—for France—had that quality that we notice in love for parents: he clung to his country right or wrong—even though she persecuted his faith; he wished her a thousand times better, but it was always his France. His whole life devoted to the service of his country, even at the cost of suffering, would be evidence enough. But again and again he gives the noblest expression to his feelings in his letters.

Thus, when war broke out with Prussia, De Sonis was at Aumale in Africa. He realized better than others, from his knowledge of affairs, the state of the French army.

"My God!" he wrote, "how was it possible for this campaign to have been undertaken when nothing was ready! . . . We have always

need of God, but now more than ever. A Government that has abandoned the Church and inaugurated a statue to Voltaire on the eve of the Assumption—is it not inconceivable?—must draw down the thunders of heaven upon our heads.”

And yet, he chafed to return to France and fight her battles. He asked repeatedly to be recalled, alleging that there was no need of him longer in Africa, since all the tribes had been subdued. And when the parish priest of Aumale said to De Sonis:

“Are not the reiterated refusals of the Government to let you go, a sign that God wishes you to remain here?” the noble soldier replied with all respect:

“Your advice on any other subject would be decisive with me. But when one’s native land is invaded, it is the duty of every soldier to ask leave to defend it.”

His pronounced Catholicity for a long time stood in his way. But soon the state of affairs became so desperate, that de Sonis was recalled, as we saw, and given command of a division in the Army of the Loire.

Out of that terrible campaign, so full of mismanagement and blunders on the part of the Government, he came a cripple. And still, in spite of immense difficulties and untold sufferings, he continued to serve his country in whatever capacity he could. The hostile attitude which the Government took toward Catholics made his position frequently very difficult—it brought on him many injustices and hardships—but not until he was called upon to direct the expulsion of the Religious Orders did he sever his connections with the Army.

“We ought to love our country all the more for her terrible disasters,” he wrote to Captain Balloeul, one of his old African comrades and a true Christian like himself. “What would become of her if all men of heart and loyalty abandoned her? She would become a prey to those miserable Revolutionists who are already tyrannizing over her. We are going back to the Reign of Terror, and the chastisements which God has sent us have not converted these instigators of the Commune. Alas! we are not yet at the end of our misfortunes. Let us pray!”

He held in succession the post of Commander of the 16th Military division with headquarters at Rennes, then at St. Servan, then Chateaux-troux, and finally Limoges, as Inspector General.

On his arrival at Rennes, he took part in a pilgrimage to Paray-

Le-Monial. Crippled as he was, he with difficulty made his way through the crowd, when suddenly he felt a friendly arm slipped under his own to help him. It was General de Charette.

Scarcely had the crowd noticed the two valiant old soldiers, when a mighty shout went up: "Vive de Sonis! Vive Charette!" But de Sonis, with that tone of authority and command that he knew so well how to use, exclaimed: "No—no; Vive Jesus!"

From now on he had to submit to a great deal of annoyance from those in power. "In France," he wrote, "the atheistic and socialist party gather closer together and become formidable. What will the end be?"

Without fear he carried on, not concealing his religious convictions in the least. He attended strictly to his military duties. This was his device, so to speak:

"I am nothing; but if I am to be General, I will make the rights of God respected in the army."

"I know very well," he wrote to his daughter, "that I have brought on myself the hatred of all the Radicals, and I glory in the appellation of 'clerical' which marks out every Catholic in these days for the vengeance of the impious. . . . I place all my confidence in God."

Soon an order came to discontinue the conferences which he and some of his officers were wont to give at the Catholic clubs. Hearing that some had complied, de Sonis said:

"I own that I am not so easy to manage, and I propose to declare very categorically that I do not recognize the right of anyone to interfere with my conduct in private life. It will perhaps be a good opportunity for these gentlemen to get rid of me; but if I must go, and even if I must starve, it will at least be better to go out by the right door!"

Yet, so meticulously, and so successfully did he perform his work that no fault could be found with him. And so vivid was still the memory of his heroic services that the Government did not dare to discharge him. Nay, at this very time, at the recommendation of his old commander General Gallifet, he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

"IT IS RIGHT TO OBEY GOD RATHER THAN MAN"

But the break was to come at last. In November, 1880, the French Government decreed the expulsion of all religious Orders. And as the civil authorities refused to carry out the decree, it was entrusted to the army. De Sonis gave his troops precise orders as to the position

they were to occupy and ordered them to assist in maintaining order, but positively forbade them to assist in the expulsion of the Religious. On the first of November he was summoned to Tours.

"I need not tell you what a night I passed," he wrote. "After having prayed for a long time, I said to myself that . . . I was bound to send in my resignation. The next morning, very early, I went to headquarters, before the meeting of the Generals, and begged to speak to General de Gallifet on a personal matter. He received me at once, and then, in clear and precise terms, I made him understand that in my position as a Christian, and with my whole past and career, I was compelled to refuse all participation in the execution of the decrees, and I begged him to telegraph my resolution to the War Minister, and ask to be relieved of my command."

General de Gallifet was loath to lose so able a General from his staff, and assured De Sonis that he would have nothing to do with the execution of the decrees. De Sonis, however, insisted that this would not help matters; in the public eye he would always stand as partisan to the decrees. Still de Gallifet refused.

"General," he said, "you are the honor of the army. I cannot accept your resignation."

When he returned to Chateauroux he found the people astir over the eviction and expulsion of the Redemptorists. This was the last straw. He gave up his command at once to General Farre, and sent in his resignation. Then he wrote to General Gallifet:

"My honor as a Christian forbids me to participate even to the extent you mention in acts accomplished by my troops. . . . I have given up my command. . . . Before arriving at so serious a determination, I have prepared myself for all the consequences, even to having to appear before a Council of War.

"And now that I have accomplished my last act of military duty, let me say how happy I have been that circumstances . . . brought me to the 9th Army Corps (under command of General de Gallifet). When one loves the service as I do, one loves also to serve under a chief like you. . . . I shall always feel toward you a devotion which is equalled only by my affectionate respect."

But he was judicious. Some of his subalterns wished to resign also. But he told them that they had not the same reason as he had on account of his position of authority.

"It would be an unpardonable fault for you," he wrote to one, "to leave the army. As to M. de Chabrilan, he did quite right to salute the Capuchin Fathers and accompany them to the port of embarkation. If, for this, he must suffer persecution for justice's sake, no matter. Do not let him desert the army, but tell him to remain at his post. . . . It is only when a military man is ordered to do something contrary to the law of God that he has a right to answer, 'Take away my command from me, for I cannot disobey God.' All that is clear."

"As for you, my dear friend," he wrote to another, "remain at your post. I think that no one ought to abandon it until honor forbids his remaining. This was my case; it is not yours. Continue the life you have so well begun, and in which you have distinguished yourself by your talents and education, and why should I not add, by your piety? Separate your habits from those of a world which has become absolutely pagan. Strengthen yourself, body and soul, at the source of all faith. Believe me, that outside the Blessed Eucharist, there is only weakness; but that real strength is only found in the participation of the faithful with Jesus Christ Himself. Continue to make yourself remarked by the faithful fulfilment of the duties of your state—and that for the glory and honor of our divine Master—that Master to Whom alone all that is good in us is due. You see, I write to you as a father, which is the proof of my affection for you."

His resignation, of course, meant the abandonment of the only means of support for himself and his family. He realized this.

"I must sacrifice our comfort," he wrote, "to my honor as a Christian. We shall have to learn together to love and practice holy poverty, who is an old friend of ours."

But Divine Providence protected him. Through the influence of General de Gallifet, he was made Inspector of Cavalry at Limoges.

"This position," he wrote, "being one entirely independent of politics, and limited to purely military functions, I at once accepted, and all the more gladly, as I found that, in case of war, I should at once be sent to the front with the brigade over which I have command."

This commission came in May. "How good the Blessed Virgin has been to me," he said, "to let me have the very work I like best at the beginning of her own month!"

But by January, 1883, he was so crippled and his health so badly broken that he felt unequal to the task. He resigned and was made

a member of the Committee of Works at Paris. This was a merely nominal office, but it gave him some trifling income and for the sake of his family he accepted it.

DEATH

In March he had an attack that brought him to death's door. He asked for the last Sacraments. But this time he recovered.

"At last they brought me Our Lord," he wrote, "Who has deigned to preserve my life a little longer for the sake of my family."

He was preserved, indeed, but remained in constant suffering. He spent his time in prayer, reading and charitable works. When he heard that any of his old companions in arms were seriously sick, he tried, despite great difficulty, to drag himself to see them and more than one was brought back to the Church. Thus he fought on through the next few years till August 8, 1887. "He seemed only to exist," wrote Madame de Sonis, "that he might go on loving us, and especially that he might love God more and more."

During the week of August 8th, fever set in. Madame de Sonis describes the scene:

"On Sunday my dearest husband got up as usual; he went to Confession and they brought him Holy Communion, which they always did when his sufferings were too great to permit his going to church. The night was calm. My anxiety was very great; but I still had hope. It was only on the Monday morning toward six o'clock that a feeling of suffocation came on, and all hope was over. Extreme Unction was administered which he received with perfect consciousness—then a terrible agony began. I held his dear hand in mine during this last dreadful struggle, although my heart was really breaking. At two o'clock all was over. My beloved Gaston breathed his last sigh on the feet of the crucifix which he pressed to his lips. His great heart had ceased to beat." He died on the feast of the Assumption.

Five days later Madame de Sonis wrote to their daughter, who was a nun:

"My Dearest Marie:

"He is gone—our much loved one, our saint! The Blessed Virgin, whom he loved so much, came to fetch him and conduct him to heaven on the very day of her glorious Assumption. God has given me the courage to bear this terrible trial. He gave me the strength to assist him during a cruel agony of eight hours, and then to see him expire

without dying myself of grief. Our two lives were so linked together, and we had been so united during our whole existence, that the agony of separation is intense.

"But, as I told you, my dear child, God has been very good to me. He has made me see and realize in the most wonderful way the happiness of my darling, now in glory, receiving the reward he so well deserved. All I pray for now is to learn to love God better, so as to be able soon to rejoin my much-loved one in heaven. There, there will be no more parting, no more sorrow. May we all arrive at that celestial home, where we shall meet all whom He has given to us here below!"

General Charette, the old friend who had fought side by side with him at Loigny, when told of the death of De Sonis, sent a telegram to his Zouaves, announcing the fact, and concluding with these words:

"All his life may be summed up in these two words: Honor and Sacrifice."

(THE END)

THE ROYAL ESCORT

Conforming with an age-old tradition of the Spanish Royal Family, a gracious act of Queen Maria Christina, mother of the King of Spain, is reported from San Sebastian.

Her Majesty was taking an evening drive in her car, when she saw a priest bearing the Viaticum to a dying person.

The Queen stopped her car, offered it to the priest, and herself formed an escort for the Sacred Host, by walking behind, in accordance with the tradition.

Her Majesty also offered her car to the priest to go back to his church, but he excused himself, saying it was customary to dispense with all ceremonial on the return.

There was a time, and it was a time when men were happy and rich in contentment, when the first concern and ambition of every worker was to win the approval of his own conscience and to achieve the best of which he was capable. Hardly anyone cares nowadays about the quality of the work which he turns out, provided it brings him big returns and large profits. This attitude of mind takes the joy out of work and robs men of the supreme pleasure of achievement.

Ramblings on the King's Highway

C.Ss.R.

"THE KING COMES"

Bethlehem was the first court of the King on Earth. Straw formed the cushions of royalty, swaddling clothes His regal raiment; His throne was a manger. A poor humble Virgin, a still more humble lowly peasant, an ox and an ass were His retinue. Shepherds formed His first courtiers and received His first favors. But angels sang His glory and all earth rejoice in the Peace He brought to men.

Yet cheerless though it were, His court in the Stable, which He chose Himself, was far more happy than the throne mankind gave Him, the hard, bitter throne of the Cross.

* * *

He couldn't stay away from men—this King of ours—because He loved us so. Hence, He holds court always, hiding beneath the spotless Host: reminding Him and us of the white swaddling clothes, and dwelling in the ruddy wine, memento of the Blood that stained His throne, the Cross.

* * *

Glowing electric lights and myriad candles make the sanctuary gleam with the brightness of noonday. Vestments of gold glitter and flash. A swelling organ lifts men's hearts above earthly care by its pealing harmony that seems more than earthly in its melodious grandeur. A singer with voice angelic chants the wonders of this "Holy Night." In tones so eloquent and language so beautiful as to draw tears from a heart of stone the priest in the pulpit bids men prepare to welcome the King with hearts of good will. The organ peals a triumphant cry of Faith. A Cardinal lifts his voice in song calling the assembled thousands to lift up their hearts. A gong tinkles forth its chime. Heads are bowed. Christ the King has come to earth again at Christmas Midnight Mass in New York's Cathedral.

* * *

Outside guns rumble and machine guns chatter a message not of peace but of war. Rain, rain and still more rain. And mud. Deep slimy mud; mud that chills bones to their very marrow. Inside a dug-out a wall of corrugated tin has been raised to prevent the mud from

crushing in. The roof is tin also, but now and then mud oozes through and falls with a splash. On two wooden boxes another piece of tin lies, covered with a cloth that once was white. On the cloth two guttering candles stuck in bayonets afford the only light. Yet the dug-out is crowded with soldiers. A priest stands at the altar; for the boxes and the tin are to form the throne of the King. Chalice and Host are there! A bell tinkles and down on their knees deep into the mud sink the soldiers in their welcome to Christ the King in a trench in France.

* * *

A chapel strange in its design of Oriental phantasies. "Memento Domine"—"Be mindful, O Lord, of Thy servants." Tears stream down the cheeks of the celebrant as his mind and his heart leap across the vast Pacific to those dear ones he has left for God. Hearts, human hearts even of God's heroes, do get lonely. And this priest is lonely for there is no one come to welcome the King, not even a server in this heathen land. The seed has been sown but the harvest is not yet ripe for reaping. No bell rings, but Peace creeps into the heart of the priest for the King has come to the Field Afar.

* * *

"THE KING GOES FORTH"

Into the highways and byways our King goes often forth borne by his priest. Often the priest must do battle to gain entrance for the King to hearts unwilling to receive Him. At times the priest revolts at the disgusting surroundings into which he must carry the King. But the King insists on visiting His dying subjects and, since neither sin, nor danger, nor squalor, nor filth, can deter the King in His efforts to win a welcome and bring peace to a wavering soul, neither dare the priest hesitate or falter to carry the King whithersoever He fain would go on the King's Highway.

* * *

The door of the humble tenement is flung open wide at the priest's knock. A woman with a lighted candle greets the King: "Welcome, a thousand times welcome, O Jesus, my Lord and my God!" Poverty, but cleanliness, is here in all the three tiny rooms through which his guide leads the priest. Everything is in readiness on a small table, which will ever afterwards be revered as holy, since the King rested there for a moment. From the sick man there is only welcome for the King—welcome and love and holy resignation. "Welcome, my Lord and my

God. May thy Holy Will be done!" The King has gone forth to visit a poor but faithful servant.

* * *

Midnight in the slums. A solitary policeman walks his beat, eyes and ears alert for danger, because death, sudden death for guardians of the law has often come to his fellows in this neighborhood. A smile of welcome lights his face and his hand goes to his hat in salute, as he recognizes the priest. "Where to, Father; a sick call, I suppose?" he questions in reverence mixed with friendliness. "Yes," replies the priest, "and I have the Blessed Sacrament with me, and I don't know the people in the house at all." The officer's reply is prompt. "If you'll wait a second at the next corner till I ring the Station, I'll be proud and happy to go with you, Father." The priest breathes a sigh of relief. "Thanks a lot, officer. I'll be glad of your company."

At the entrance to the dark and forbidding ramshackle building which bears the number designated by the priest as his destination, officer and priest are halted by a burly brute, who blocks their way and rasps, "Hey, what's the idea of you two headin' in here this time o' night? Be on your way." The priest replies, "I have been called to a sick person." The officer intervenes. "Out of the way, big boy. I know you. The priest has business here that's none of yours." With a growl—the bruiser steps aside and the policeman draws his gun, as he precedes the priest up the stairs. "Third floor, officer," whispers the priest as they mount. The priest shudders at thought of the King in such surroundings as maudlin singing, blasphemous curses, and loud mouthed filth fairly belch forth from behind the locked doors of the apartment on the first and second floors. The third floor seems little better as they reach it. But when the officer raps with his nightstick the din is silenced for a moment, and a grating in the door of the apartment is opened. At sight of the policeman the face of the look-out clouds with anger. "Never mind me," says the officer coldly. "Is there a call for a priest here?" The look-out nods and without a word opens the door. Officer and priest pass through several rooms in which men and women are gathered and the priest's head sinks in shame and his face is suffused with blushes at the sights that greet him. He is not insulted, but allowed to pass in an awed silence of the sinful revellers that is the greatest token of respect they could show. In a tiny room on a dirty couch lies a broken woman dying, a woman who learned too late to

heed or care that the "wages of sin is death." Outside, the door ajar, stands the officer, while the priest hears the sad story of the sinful one. The policeman steps in and closes the door, as the priest draws forth the burse in which rests—God. Revelry, stilled for a moment, has resumed raucously in the outer rooms. The sands of life are flitting fast! The priest kneels in prayer, the officer on his knees behind him until the weary sophisticated eyes of the woman close forever. The King has gone forth and brought a lost sheep home!

* * *

Vested in surplice and stole and richly embroidered veil—all made by the loving hands of her to whom he has been called—the priest stands at the Altar. An old woman, pensioner of God's chosen souls, kneels just outside the sanctuary. Behind a grating another candle gleams. The priest draws forth the ciborium and enfolding the sacred vessel in the veil, clasps it to his heart. A tinkling bell precedes him in his progress through sacristy and reception room. Before a barred door he pauses and the old woman steps aside as the door is unlocked and opened. For this is the Palace of the King's Daughters and none dare enter there save a Spouse of the King and the King's anointed.

The priest enters. The door is locked behind him. Escort to the King stand the Spouses of the King with candles gleaming. Their faces are hidden beneath heavy veils. Their bare feet move soundlessly up stairs and through a corridor, but their voices chant sweet welcome, and pleading prayers to the King Who marches with them.

Much to the priest's surprise they pass by the door of the Infirmary. Yet he should not be surprised, for he should have known, or at least surmised, that she, to whom the King is going, would, of course, refuse at the last the comfort of a bed in the Infirmary and choose to breathe her last upon the hard plank in her cell, which had served as her only resting place these many years ago.

Clad in the garments of the King—poor garments, humble garments, garments bearing the marks of many patchings, yet garments that needs must shine resplendent forever in Heaven, lies a true Spouse of the King—a Carmelite.

More than fifty years has this woman dwelt within the walls of God. Fifty years a prisoner in love with the Prisoner of Love in the Blessed Sacrament! An old woman this; and yet that pale thin face is lit with the innocent beauty of a child! Time writes no wrinkles on the

brows of these pure souls. An unearthly radiance lights that placid countenance, a smile of supernal welcome greets the King as the priest whispers: "Accipe, soror, Viaticum Corporis Domini nostri Jesu Christi qui te custodiat ab hoste maligno et perducatur in vitam aeternam—Amen." "Receive, O Sister, the Food of Strength for thy journey, the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, to protect thee from thine enemy the devil and to lead thee into eternal life.—Amen."

The escort turns silently to accompany the King on His homeward way to the Altar. Scarce has the priest returned Him to the tabernacle when Sister breathes her last.

The King has gone forth to escort His Daughter home to Heaven.

WHAT MAY BE DONE

Recently, reports the Albany *Evangelist*, in the class of public speaking in one of the Universities of the State of New York, a young lady, called in her turn to speak extemporaneously, selected as her topic "The Little Flower."

The class was composed mostly of non-Catholics, yet the consensus of opinion was that the most interesting speech made, was "The Little Flower." Not only was that the criticism of the young lady's maiden effort, but she was besieged by many of her audience as to where and how further information could be gained relative to the life and writings of the subject of her discourse.

In this passing incident, says the *Evangelist*, lies a great lesson for many of us. First, we should know more about our Saints. Second, we should have courage to bring their remarkable lives to the notice of our associates. Third, we should have confidence that we will always receive a respectful hearing from intelligent people. And finally, we should readily obey the Master's command to preach the Gospel to every creature.

It is when the hour of strife is over, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim: "Lo, God is here and we knew it not."

Achievement is the result of the proper coordination of work and rest.

The House on Avenue A

A STORY OF SORROW AND CHRISTMAS

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

I

Exteriorly, it is rather inexpressive and unrevealing, built along the somewhat austere simple lines of a certain class of modern designing. Exteriorly—that is—until you happen to glimpse the flower-covered curtains that peep out from inside the windows, and the gay tassels that hang down from the shades above them. These things seem to have power to awaken innumerable fancies of a delicious cosiness that must be hidden just beyond there. You would say it was a home for joy and happiness, where sorrow ought never to be admitted.

Nor are those fancies dispelled when the interior of the home happens to be viewed. It is not luxuriously furnished, nor even richly so, but its comfortableness creeps over you like a magic charm. The long, spacious living room is connected with a sun parlor; and the furnishings of both are chosen and arranged in exquisite taste. A few comfortable chairs, the long davenport with its array of not too highly decorated pillows, the piano with the standing lamp beside it—these ordinary things seem blended here into a beautiful simplicity and oneness. And the auburn tinted glass on the electric fixtures, and those flower-covered curtains—pansies and violets are the flowers—set it all off more perfectly than the richest furnishings in the world could possibly succeed in doing.

Sorrow should never have entered there, but, being no respecter of persons or places, it found its way in one drab November day, and settled down for a long stay. Mrs. Price was cleaning the living room, when a car stopped at the door. She heard and then saw it there, and only a little cry escaped her lips when a tall man came toward the house with her youngest boy, Joe, held limply in his arms.

She opened the door, the color gone completely from her face, and her power of crying or speaking held tight in the clasp of a great sob. A crowd of children surged toward the door, eager with explanations, and curious to see what they would do with Joe.

"He run right acrost the street, Mrs. Price, 'n got hit—right in the back, too," said one, stuttering in his eager and voluble explanation.

"He didn't see it, Mrs. Price; I was with him and I hollered out—but—he—" began another, but was checked by the deep but quiet voice of the man.

"Don't let the children in," he said. "That's right, close the door. Now, if you'll lead the way to where we can lay him—"

"Joe!" the mother cried out, "Joe!" That was all, and she never took her eyes from his face while she walked beside the man, leading him up the stairs. Joe was laid on a bed, and the stranger watched the mother's grief express itself in trying to call consciousness back into the boy's face.

"The doctor will be here in a moment," he said; but noticing that his words were unheeded, he quietly withdrew, to await downstairs the coming of the physician.

Thus pain made its entrance into this home, and it lingered on and on, with its shadow cast over the mirth and happiness that had always reigned there. The accident happened in early November. Joe's back was badly injured; the doctors consulted and conferred; examined and probed, but in the end they all left with shaking heads.

It was Doctor McReady who announced the final news. He was the family doctor, and it was his right and duty to do so. After every possible angle of the case had been gone over and considered, he knew that it was hopeless, and he knew, too, that he should no longer conceal things from the parents of the boy.

Joe had been finally placed down in the sun parlor of the house, as he desired. The long row of eight small windows that ushered in the morning sunshine and gave the parlor its name, had a fascination for Joe, and he lay directly beneath them. His body was almost paralyzed, but his eyes were bright and active, and they loved to follow the dancing sunlight on the bright walls and curtains of the room.

In the living room, in a low tone and out of hearing of Joe, Doctor McReady set about his task. He was a heavily built man, with shaggy iron-gray hair, and a rather florid countenance. The one trait that endeared him to all who met him in his professional sphere was the personal sympathy he but half concealed toward his patients and their loved ones. It was often remarked that the doctor seemed not to be working for strangers, but for his own flesh and blood.

"We had hopes," he began, "for quite a while we thought an opera-

tion—a resetting of the bruised vertebrae—might—you know—might offer a possibility—a chance, as it were—”

Mr. Price interrupted him. A quiet man, but a man of power. Accustomed to control and deliberateness and the peace born of a good conscience. There was just a trace of agitation in his voice now.

“Does it mean the end, doctor?”

Mrs. Price pressed her hands to her bosom.

The doctor's eyes shifted to the floor. He could not meet their searching, fearful gaze. “I'm afraid it does,” he said slowly; “I can give the boy about a month.” He took off his glasses and began rubbing them vigorously. “About a month,” he repeated.

Mr. Price placed his hand on his wife's arm. Her tears had begun to flow without restraint. “Don't cry, mother,” he said, “we still have prayer.”

The doctor was gone. Mrs. Price was drying her tears before going back to Joe's bedside. One month! It was November the twenty-fifth. One month more would be Christmas!

Bobby, twelve, and three years older than Joe, was seated by his bed. He had a toy monkey in his arms, and as a result of his secret manipulations, it was going through a succession of ludicrous antics that had Joe laughing in the mild way that his back allowed him.

“Get that flea, Bosco!” cried Bob, and the monkey pawed at his head with fury. Joe's laughter brought pain into his features.

“That's enough now, Rob,” said Mrs. Price. Bobby arose and she took the vacated chair.

“What does my boy want for Christmas?” she asked, as she smoothed the hair back from his forehead and smiled cheerfully into his eyes.

“Christmas?” echoed Joe, distantly. “How many days?”

“Just thirty,” was the answer.

“Do your Christmas shopping early, eh?” he quoted from the newspapers.

“Yes, Joe, the papers are counting the days already, so we want to know what you want so we can get it—before the rush, you know.”

“Huh,” dreamed Joe, “you know what I'd like, mother?” he said, as though he had been thinking the matter over. “I'd like to have a crib like the one we had in Church last year—you know—only smaller—

over in that corner there where the sun can find it in the morning and shine on the Infant for me."

"A crib?" wondered his mother.

"Yes, with Christmas trees around and things—just like a real one. Then maybe, mamma, may be the little Infant will come down in here and make me walk again, or maybe He'll come down and take me back to heaven with Him."

What could the mother say? She thought now she knew something of what Mary felt when the sword of sorrow pierced her heart. One month! One month! Like a sword it pierced her!

"Yes, Joe, that's what we'll get for you. A little crib, with a stable and animals and statues. And then on Christmas night we'll put in the little Infant, and then I'm sure you can get whatever you ask from Him!"

"Just like the one in Church?" he asked eagerly.

"Just like it."

"And how many days is it till then?"

"Just thirty." The mother's voice was breaking.

But Joe did not notice. "Oh, goody," he cried; "I'll get all ready for Him and meet Him here." And he closed his eyes to ponder his delight.

II

Doctor McReady's state of mind was anything but an unmoved and unaffected one as he left the house after breaking the sad news. It was only too evidently tumultuous as he yanked viciously at the door of his sedan and threw himself heavily into the seat behind the wheel. He jabbed a cigar into his mouth and jerked the starter down with a clatter.

"Damnably sad business," he muttered, as the car pulled away from the house whose happiness he felt he had just finished slaughtering in cold blood. His dark, contracted brows never relaxed as he drove swiftly home, unwittingly using his professional privilege of speeding in emergency. He could not seem to get away from the drawn face of a suffering boy, and the hot tears of a fond mother, and the broken accents of a strong man. These things haunted him, and the home in which he had witnessed them clung to his imagination. His muttered adjectives and interjections seemed no adequate outlet for his pent-up feelings.

When he had closed the door of his garage and turned to the house, it was snowing. One of those damp, November snows—melting as it fell and leaving no traces on the ground. The doctor stamped his feet unnecessarily before entering the house.

His wife sat in the front room beneath a reading lamp, rustling a newspaper. She looked up as he came in, with a patient, loving glance, enhanced by a silvery-crowned, singularly sweet countenance.

"Hello, dearie," she said. "Are you all through?"

"H'lo," he returned shortly, throwing his overcoat and gloves down on a chair. "Yes, all through. . . . Awful night out!" he added, with emphasis.

"Yes, it is," answered the soothing voice of Mrs. McReady. "I hope you won't be called out into it."

"Humph!" He stopped in the middle of the floor and glared at her in a way that she had long since learned to interpret fully. "Humph! I wish to—to heaven I could do something when I am called out!" The emphasis was on the "do."

"Why—has something gone wrong?"

The doctor threw out his hand in a despairing gesture. "Oh, just the same old thing that makes this life so unbearably hard. And I tell you—I don't understand it. I don't."

"What was it this time?"

"Another boy—taken from a family that hasn't its like in forty-eight states. Torn away from them with diabolical cruelty. Another ruined home!" He spoke in short, jabbing sentences, between clouds of cigar smoke. "Bah!—I can't see the justice in that!"

Mrs. McReady sighed. Back of the patient look on her face was the one trial of her married life—and here was that trial coming to the front again tonight. She might argue with her husband, but she had long since come to realize that it was useless to do so. The wound in his soul could be healed not by words or arguments, but by grace alone.

Fifteen years before they had had one child—a bright-faced jewel of a boy who had given them both a taste of heaven for a few short years on earth. He had just turned nine years old, and Mrs. McReady remembered with a pang the tremulous, almost fearful poignancy of her delight in him—as though she had known that such joy was never meant for earth.

Nor did it live long there. Out of a blue sky—for their boy had never been sickly or weak, had been, in fact, more healthy than the average—the stroke of Providence came and drew him swiftly away. Under their very eyes, with the doctor's skillful hands fighting a ceaseless, tireless, futile battle, he had gone from them, from their embraces, from their care, from their lives.

She remembered the night he died. All the long hours of it the doctor paced back and forth, with his hands clenched and the little frown, that was worn deeply into his forehead now—first stamping its mark upon his features. She remembered it well, and the fruit it bore: a rankling, rebellious bitterness in her husband's mind that had severed him once and for all from God and his religion.

Since that day he had never been inside a church. He had never given up his boy to the God Who willed to take him from him—and he would not be a hypocrite and make believe he prayed when there was nothing but resentment and anger against the decree of Providence burning in his broken heart.

Not that he ever spoke of the barrier he had allowed to form between himself and God. From the day of the funeral of their boy, he had never spoken his name, not even to his wife. No one knew the poison that was in his soul, except his wife, who had suffered with him and prayed for him—now for fifteen years. Exteriorly, that poison appeared only in his reaction to the sufferings of others—when others were bent down by the same blow that had struck himself. Then he argued as he was arguing tonight; in a covert, impersonal style, as though pleading the cause of another, when in reality he was speaking directly out of his own life, out of the heart that had been frozen fifteen years before by the adversity that was never to be forgotten.

Thus had Mrs. McReady borne a double burden for fifteen years. The loss of her son had been and still was no less hard a trial for her than it was for her husband, and only her religion had borne her through it. And then to have to bear his silent, lingering bitterness, his blind, hopeless straying from the only true source of consolation! Well had she earned the patient look that was in her eyes.

"Is there no hope for the boy?" she asked after a pause, in which he had tried to settle down to read, but had failed and gotten up to move around nervously again.

"Hope? Hope?" He drew out the repetition almost sneeringly

"None whatever." After a moment he added with dread finality: "Life doesn't admit of Hope!" and lapsed into sudden silence.

Never had Mrs. McReady's prayers and tears pleaded more powerfully with God to send one little ray of light down into the dark places of her husband's mind—than they did that November night!

III

Christmas Eve! Cold and bright from snow-reflected moonlight and a sky strewn with dancing stars. A light breeze was blowing, now and then releasing white feathery little balls of snow from the branches of the trees. Every light that shone from a window seemed laden with new sacredness and meaning.

Doctor McReady's car stood before a little house on a lonely road about a mile outside the city. He was there helping a four-year-old child over a bad crisis in an attack of whooping-cough.

When the call had come for him it had mattered little to him that it was Christmas Eve. He had gone at once and gladly, for he gloried in his work and knew no rest or excuse when it called him out. His work had become the only solace of his lonely life.

The worst of the child's attack was over when the telephone of the little home suddenly rang out shrilly. The father of the sick child answered its call.

"It's for you, doctor," he said, as he held out the receiver for him.

The doctor's wife was at the other end.

"An urgent call has been sent in for you, John," she announced, "from the Price's."

"Is that so? How long ago was it?"

"Just five or ten minutes ago. I've been trying to get you since," was his wife's explanation.

"All right," he said hurriedly, "I'll head for there directly. Good-bye." He turned to the mother of the boy he had just helped back to a better hold on life, while he reached for his overcoat.

"The boy will pull through all right now," he said. "Just keep your eye on him, and if the coughing starts again, renew those treatments. I'm sure the worst is over." He went to the door. "And I'll call again Monday. Good-bye and Merry Christmas!"

The fresh snow crunched and crackled merrily under his feet. He had some difficulty with the engine of his car, due to the cold, but finally got it started and pulled away in a flurry of flying snow.

The hard, tense look was in his face again. He knew the scene he was about to witness. He knew as perfectly as years of practice and hundreds of similar cases could possibly make it. A boy struggling in an unequal fight with Death. A boy being torn from the arms of life and love. The eternal enigma of his life—that had brought the iron into his own soul.

He had seen many boys and children die. Had he? No—he had seen only one child die—in all his medical practice—in every case he had attended and lost, he had seen one child dying over and over again. And tonight he knew that he was going to see his own son dying once again.

He knew there was no hope for the Price boy. Perhaps he could make it possible for him to linger a few more days; perhaps he could lighten the pain of his last hours on earth. He would do these things for him, and then feed the bitterness of his life by watching his own son die in him again.

With these thoughts revolting in his mind, he speedily reached the little house on Avenue A. He noticed that the lights were burning in the living room—but that the sun parlor was half shrouded in darkness. Perhaps the boy's bad spell was over and he was sleeping peacefully. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter to twelve.

As he reached for the door of the house, it opened from within, and the priest came out, hurrying to be in time for the midnight Mass. The doctor's breath stopped a moment. What was that word he heard? Too late—too late? Was that what the priest had said?

He was in the living room now. Queer—no sign of life, no one around. He advanced to the sun parlor, and a familiar, hushed sound met his ears and told him all.

His heart was beating strangely as he grasped the curtains that separated the two rooms. What a state for a physician to be in, he thought. Why, his hands were trembling! . . . Slowly he drew the curtains apart.

This is what he saw.

Four quiet forms were kneeling beside the boy's bed. Beyond them in the dimness was something strange—that the doctor had not seen before. He peered at it, and saw that it was a tiny crib, set on a table in a background of pine branches. The moonlight streamed in through the windows over Joe's bed and fell slantwise on three small statues in

the center of the crib. Mary and Joseph and Jesus.

He saw all this in but an instant. Then as he glanced back to the bed he chanced to pull the curtain that he held more widely apart, and a shaft of light sought out the face of the boy upon the bed. It was smiling and still and beautiful—as wax-like as the statues that the moonbeams marked out in the farther corner of the room.

But even as he glanced and knew the worst, and as the old pangs pierced his heart through and through, he heard the quiet, trembling voice of Mr. Price ending the prayers for the dying. Then he saw him turn his head toward the crib and say these words:

"Little Infant Jesus—this night—You have given us Yourself. You ask a gift of us—and tonight—we give you our boy; with all our broken hearts—we give—our boy into Your keeping. Let us, sweet Infant, meet him again in heaven!" The muffled weeping of Joe's mother and sister accompanied the prayer. Bobby's lips were moving, repeating the words after his father.

Doctor McReady's face went white. Into his soul the words of Mr. Price were burning. . . . His own son lay there, cold and dead, and he saw himself kneeling beside him like Mr. Price. Kneeling—and praying, for the first time in fifteen years! "Christ—Oh, Christ!" was tearing through his brain—"I give—at last I give you my boy!"

He turned and silently left the house. And though tears had rushed into his eyes, and his heart was clutched with a greater sorrow than he had ever before experienced, there was peace in his mind and soul for the first time in fifteen years.

IV

The Church was ablaze with lights. Midnight Mass was at the Gloria, when an unexpected figure asked an usher to direct him, if he could, to Mrs. McReady's place in church.

They made their way down the middle aisle between the rows of people standing alongside the pews. The usher stopped and made a sign, then turned and left him. There the doctor saw his wife kneeling with her head in her hands—next to the aisle. He touched her on the shoulder.

"Merry Christmas!" he whispered.

There in the aisle beside her he bent to his knees, and his shaggy head went down in adoration. The Infant Saviour had taken another wandering soul back into the shelter of His Sacred Heart.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE GIFT OF FAITH

Dr. Douglas Adam told of a friend of his who was acting on a royal commission of which Thomas Huxley, the agnostic, was also a member, that one Sunday when they were staying together in a little country town, Huxley said to his fellow commissioner:

"I suppose you are going to church?"

"Yes," said he.

"What if instead you stayed at home and talked to me of religion?"

"No," replied the other, "I am not clever enough to refute your arguments."

"But what if you simply told me your experience, what religion has done for you?" asked Huxley.

His companion agreed. Instead of going to church, he told Huxley the story of what Christ had been to him, and presently there were tears in the eyes of the great agnostic, as he said:

"I would give my right hand if I could believe that!"—*The Fortnightly Review*.

THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY

The world is now in sore need of a revival of the spirit of chivalry and a new crusade for the propagation of true courtesy, says the editor of *Angelus* (Bombay). To illustrate this spirit, he repeats an old story which may probably be new to many readers. It is told of Blessed Henry Suso.

As a gay gallant, he once plunged into the mire of the road to make room for a poor woman on the pathway.

"Sir," said she, "why should a noble gentleman like you, leave the pathway for one so humble as I?"

"Know you not," replied Blessed Henry, "that in you I see not only my own mother, but the Blessed Lady, whose knight and servant I am, and all good womanhood, which I hold in honor and reverence?"

THE FAITH OF A BRETON

We all remember the famous saying of Pasteur, the greatest, perhaps, of modern scientists in the field of medicine:

"Just because I have thought and studied," he said, according to the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* (1896, 385), "I have remained religious like a man of Brittany; and had I thought and studied still more, I would be as religious as a woman of Brittany."

A recent account in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of Paris, illustrates the faith of a man of Brittany. It is told by M. Paul Chack.

A Breton seaman, named Cadiou, was the sole survivor of the crew of 400 aboard the "Admiral Charner," sunk off the coast of Syria. Fourteen seamen had managed to escape on a raft, but after five days' exposure to the sea, without food or water, all died except Cadiou, who eventually was picked up by the "Laborieux."

When found, he was staring fixedly toward the East. Some days later, when sufficiently recovered to speak, Calliou was asked by one of the ship's officers what were his thoughts during his hours of peril. The Breton replied simply and unaffectedly:

"Commandant, I prayed all the time."

"Thus," adds M. Chack, "looking toward the East and calling for invisible aid, which did not fail him, the eyes of Cadiou sought out the not distant Holy Land, Bethlehem and the Cross."

RESPONSIBILITY TO GOD

Stephen M. Allen, in his "Reminiscences of Daniel Webster," tells the following:

"Would you please tell us," said a guest at a dinner party, addressing Daniel Webster, the great statesman and orator, "what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?"

The solemn rejoinder was this:

"The most important thought that ever occupied my mind was that of my individual responsibility to God."

And for twenty minutes he went on speaking of this to a sympathetic audience.

What you think of yourself does not count till you prove it!

Pointed Paragraphs

A CHRISTMAS WISH

At Holy Christmas time 'tis meet
That friend the heart of friend should greet,
And prayerful thoughts for them should rise
To God's bright throne beyond the skies.

Sweet Infant, bless them for me here,
And those that in their hearts they hold,
With blessings purer far than gold—

And fill them with Thy Christmas cheer.
Grant them, dear Infant, to begin

A year abounding in Thy peace—
Remain, sweet Babe, their hearts within—

Keep them for Thine—their Faith increase—
That they may serve Thee, free from sin,
Till breaks the dawn of their release.

—*Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.*

THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS

Joy is the essential note of the celebrations of Christmas. Joy is in the air; in the wild rush of men and women to the shops and stores to procure presents for those they love; in the hearty organizing of funds and charities to help the poor; in the merry greetings that fill the cold brisk air on Christmas morning. Christmas breathes joy and happiness—and few there are who do not feel and express its gladness.

But, we are often inclined to ask, how many of the world's millions, of the millions who celebrate the feast of Christmas, recall the reason for all their festivities? Christmas! The coming of Christ! The arrival of Him upon the earth Who is to save man from his sins! That is its significance; without that, the foundation of the feast, Christmas is nothing. And yet there are thousands into whose minds the reason for their joy seems never to have entered. They catch the spirit of

the day—they are joyful and glad—without a thought of the sublime and wonderful reason for joy that Christmas brings us.

Let us—Christians in name and deed—in every present that we send a friend—in every “Merry Christmas” wish that we sound on the happy day, be penetrated and imbued with a joy born of that unutterable truth that Christmas brings us: “Christ is born; He Who is Great and Mighty—the Son of the Most High God, Who will save His people from their sins!”

NO PLACE FOR HIM

When at this season we reflect on the condition of our fellow Catholics in Mexico, we cannot help thinking of Bethlehem. They are still outcasts for their Faith, and there is no relief in sight. It is true, that Provisional President Gil, before he took up the government, said some words that gave hope.

“Every law must be obeyed,” he declared, “but when a majority of a people reject a law because they hold it to be contrary either to their interests or their sentiments, such a law should be repealed.”

But a Catholic of prominence tells us:

“The religious conflict, which for some time has remained unchanged, will not be solved during the present year. I am authorized to say, however, that we will not abandon our efforts to solve this question.”

And recent acts show that his fears were not without foundation.

WHAT WILL CHRISTMAS MEAN FOR THEM?

To make us think gratefully of the blessings God has given to us, and to make us appreciate them, it is enough to read a letter like the following, from the Sister Superior at Makogai, in the Fiji Islands, a leper colony. She writes:

“Last month a steamer from the Cook Islands came in with 32 lepers, almost all children, young girls and women. The youngest child was a little girl of five years. She did not know any of the other patients. Poor little thing! If you had seen her landing in that strange place! There were seven boys under ten years and five girls between five and ten.

“I am used to see miseries, and I have seen many a sad incident

in my sixteen years among the lepers ; but I do not remember such a sad one as the arrival of these children. I thought of their mothers as well as of the children themselves, and I had to run to a lonely place to let my tears come free. What can replace for a child the caresses of its mother? And how hard it must be for the parents to see their children taken away from them!

"We have now 430 lepers, and we are twelve European Sisters and ten native Sisters to do all the work, so we are kept busy. We should really be more, but the vocations are not so many as are needed, and in the Fiji Islands alone, we have 24 stations to provide Sisters for. In several of the stations the Sister must remain alone with only native Sisters. This is a hard life for the spiritual way."

A MOTHER OF MEN

A wonderful tribute to the Church by the famous writer, James Oliver Curwood, while at the threshold of death, is touchingly beautiful. In the frozen wastes of the Northland, Mr. Curwood saw the loving sympathy of the Church toward her poor children. Her vast maternal solicitude for souls attracted him and drew from his pen the following words of praise:

"I think the reason the Catholic Church is the only Church which is growing to any extent is because it is the only Church which is holding out its arms as a mother, and giving the human being a breast on which to lay his head when he is in trouble."

A CHRISTMAS CONTEMPLATION

Father Louismet, in his Divine Contemplation For All, tells the following incident:

"Last year on a week day, shortly after Christmas, an incident occurred in our village of Buckfast, which entertained and edified us. The little Catholic children of our school had evidently been telling their non-Catholic playmates of the Board School, about the wonders of the Christmas Crib in our church.

"All at once, like a flight of birdlings that circle in the air, and then, all together, make for a certain tree and settle on it, and there chirp to their hearts' content—these children, Catholic and Protestant together, about thirty strong, bore down upon the church, burst into it

tumultuously yet reverently enough; the Catholics making the sign of the Cross and the genuflection before the High Altar, the non-Catholics trying awkwardly to imitate them.

"They crowded round the miniature grotto, to the grievous annoyance of an old lady whom they disturbed in her devotions. They said some prayers aloud; then those who knew some verses to the Infant Jesus recited them; then there was a hush as the Brother Sacristan, coming upon the scene, took in the situation, and turned the electric light full on the grotto, to the infinite delight of the little ones. Then they made their comments and left the church."

GRACING HEROISM

"That which takes my fancy most," said Emerson, "in the heroic class, is the good humor and hilarity they exhibit."

We have had an illustration of this recently in the person of one of the candidates for the Presidency, whose personality charmed even those who did not agree with him in his principles of government. I could not help reflecting, when reading a tribute to Governor Smith, from the pen of R. H. Little, the famous columnist of the *Chicago Tribune*, that he fulfilled Emerson's description. Writes R. H. L.:

"Our colors have gone down in defeat, but they have gone down proudly. Our standard bearer was the Happy Warrior from the beginning; he is the Happy Warrior today—

"Who if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honorable terms. . . ."

"He started the campaign with a record of twenty-five years in public office, no page of which was sullied. His bitterest political enemies could find nothing in that long and honorable career except incorruptible honesty, courage, and great statesmanship. In his campaign he met the issues squarely, frankly, and clearly; he was honest with himself—he was honest with the American people. 'Victory merely for the sake of victory,' he said in his first speech, 'is empty.' And from that ideal he never for a moment swerved.

"No man or woman in America ever wondered how he stood on any of the issues. He dealt in no vague generalities, no meaningless phrases. His language was simple, clear, forceful, and often great. And because

he was, and is, that rarest of all things in American political life, a man who refused to be all things to all men, a man who disdained political expediency, a man who has kept his ideals shining and clean through everything, we deserted the Republican party to which we had given lifelong allegiance, and followed him.

"We have no regrets. We would do it again. Defeated or victorious, he has won our faith, our loyalty, and our love. And we can say to him today, what Addison made his Cato say: 'Tis not in mortals to command success, but you've done more, Sempronius; you've deserved it.'"

A man who could win such a tribute from one not of his faith or political conviction, must certainly be a man of men. And, without disparaging his successful opponent, we believe that we can ill afford to let such a man go unremembered.

A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS

"One of the deepest and surest sources of happiness in life," says Rev. Stephen J. Brown, S.J., "lies in devotion to an ideal, to some high object of endeavor, lifted above merely selfish interests and pleasures.

"A man's ideal may be art, or the advancement or science; it may be country or it may be philanthropy in one of its many forms. It may be the grandest of all ideals—the advancement of the cause of God in the world. Whatever it be, it can transfigure a man's life, give significance to its most trivial acts, and, incidentally, make him happy by lifting him above absorption in petty cares and trivial vexations."

THE PRISONER OF LOVE

(Reprint from the New Zealand "Tablet.")

Ingratitude is the keenest of the indignities offered to Our Lord, and He breaks through His sacramental silence to make this known.

From every tabernacle in this country He looks out and sees the most awful sins multiplied in His presence. The horrid cities of the plain have been rebuilt, and the fetor of their crimes is the incense that goes up night and day before His sacramental throne. But worse than this is the ingratitude of Catholics, who will not take sides with Him and help Him to roll back this tide of infamy: who will not, in atonement,

multiply acts of love in themselves, and lead others to profess the same love.

Alas, it but too often happens that Catholics are found to identify themselves with the world, and prefer worldliness to His cause. Such as these gradually but surely withdraw from the service of God, and find such happiness as they ambition down where the black flag of Satan waves . . .

And the heart needs fragrance just as much as food and drink. The compelling care of human life and the damp and mildew of the world tend to make it sordid and bitter; and if some aromatic spices, wafted from a blessed shore, are not daily blown through its opened portals, it becomes a danger and a menace to the soul.

But while those who know not the real constituents of life and the essential issues of human existence, sail to the spice shores of some earthly Araby for Sabeian odors, the Catholic turns to the Heart of Jesus, and is refreshed by its rosy fragrance.

And there is a thirst from which the heart suffers, that cannot be slaked at muddy pools. To satisfy this the atheist points to a desert where there is no water, and the mania of the poor thirsty souls become only the more acute.

But the soul of the Catholic turns to the rich fountains of the Sacred Heart, and quenches his thirst on sweeter juices than flowed through the vineyards of Engaddi.

It is the mission of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament to keep us from all evil, to chasten and make sweet and fragrant even this mortal flesh of ours, and to flood our souls with every pure delight. When the Eucharistic banquet was first spread in the upper chamber on Holy Thursday, the beloved Disciple, at that feast of love, leaned his head upon the Heart of Jesus, and from that day down to this, every devout soul that comes to Him in this banquet is made rich with the love that is the life of that same Sacred Heart.

Many critics are like wood-peckers, who, instead of enjoying the fruit and shadow of a tree, hop incessantly around the trunk, pecking holes in the bark to discover some little worm or other.—Longfellow.

Religion by engendering a spirit of self-restraint and self-denial, militates against those forces which undermine the nation's strength and vitality.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help THE STORY OF THE PICTURE (Continued)

C. A. SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

Andrea Dandolo, a Venetian historian, who lived about the year 1354, when writing of the Saracen Invasion into Constantinople has this to say: "At length the people took the picture of our Blessed Lady, which St. Luke had painted, and carried it around the city in solemn procession, praying at the same time to our Lady to come to their assistance at this dread moment as she had so often done before. No sooner had they placed the picture upon the placid waters of the sea, than, suddenly, a wild storm arose that either sank the Saracen ships or shattered them to pieces. They called this picture Hodegetria, that is, the Leader."

Again, when the revolutionist Branas was engaged in fierce combat with Emperor Isaac Angelus in the twelfth century, the latter—as Nicetas Acominatus Choniata relates—"transferred the image of the Mother of God to the walls of the city, for he believed it to be an impregnable rampart and a fortification invincible."

When Constantinople was captured in 1204 by the Latins, the Greeks guarded the Hodegetria under triple bars in the sacristy of Saint Sophia. Nevertheless, the Venetians, spurning the threatened excommunication of the patriarch, made so bold as to steal the picture and transfer it to the church of the Pantocrator. But when Michael Palaeologus recaptured the city in 1261, he immediately ordered the picture to be brought to him from that church and, with the picture going before, "leading the way," as it were, he entered the Golden Gate of the city.

Gradually the custom came into favor of carrying the Hodegetria to the imperial palace on the Tuesday of the fifth week in Lent. Here it was solemnly received by the emperor and reserved by him in the palace until Easter Tuesday. In the same way, every Tuesday it was borne in stately procession through the city. The favor of God accompanied its passage and many miracles are reported during the course of these journeys. A traveler from Russia in the fifteenth century who

notes this, remarks that it took four men to bear the wondrous picture on these occasions. Oftener than not, he says, their shoulders were weary and their legs tired by the time they had deposited their precious burden once again in the Hodegetria convent.

In 1453—a year so direful in the history of Christian Constantinople—the picture was removed from the palace at the termination of its usual sojourn there and placed in the monastery called Chora. Situated as this establishment was, close to the walls on the west, it offered the picture a surer protection than did the Hodegetria monastery. Besides, it afforded a better opportunity, should need arise, of carrying it about the walls of the city. But, on May 30, Mohammed II entered the embattled city as a conqueror, and when his soldiers rushed upon the monastery of Chora, one of them drawing his sword, cut the picture into four pieces! and having cast lots, each one took the part he won, together with the jewels that clung to it. Such was the sad and lamentable fate of that glorious and wonderful picture. For the New Rome, it seems, owing to her long and obdurate schism, had grown unworthy to be any longer the guardian of so obedient a Handmaid of the Lord.

But now let us examine the Hodegetria itself to ascertain its proper relation to Perpetual Help. Consequently, we ask at once, How was the Hodegetria painted? As far as we have been able to learn, only one Greek writer gives us anything direct about the picture. He simply states: "St. Luke painted in wax the Mother of God carrying the Lord in her arms." Sad would be our plight indeed, had we no other means of acquiring information about the Hodegetria. But we have, and quite abundantly. So popular and miraculous was the picture of the Mother of God, that it was often copied and distributed throughout the East. As, for instance, the so-called image of Smolenskaia, named after the Russian city of Smolensk, to which it was sent in the eleventh century. That these pictures are true representations of St. Luke's painting is proved by the word Hodegetria, which is commonly written above the right shoulder of the Mother of God, thus giving us to understand that the picture is a genuine copy of the more celebrated picture at Constantinople.

We do not know with what fidelity these copies were executed, but from the study of several examples we can ascribe at least these few characteristics to the prototype: The Virgin Mother is painted standing, but only the upper half of her body is visible; her eyes are large

and directed toward the beholder; her eyebrows are large and elegantly curved; her nose is long and straight; her mouth is small; and her fingers are long and slender. Her garments are very neat and modest: a tunic or dress reaches to the neck; a mantle covers the head, under which there appears a finely woven coiffure or net catching up the hair. She holds the Infant Jesus, whose entire figure is seen, in her left hand, while her right lays upon her breast. He faces the observer, holding a book or scroll in his left hand, and lifting his right as if to teach or to bless. His body is covered with a tunic bound with a cincture or girdle, and over all there is a mantle or cloak.

In the above description we can easily see a great resemblance to our own Picture of Perpetual Help. A resemblance so unmistakable and clear that we can, without fear of contradiction, claim Perpetual Help as the legitimate offspring of the Hodegetria.

Another kind of comparison—which I might call extrinsic or circumstantial—brings likewise to light some other similarities that may prove of no little interest. Consider these parallels:

1. In the fifth century the Hodegetria was brought from Palestine to Constantinople, the capital of the empire; in the fifteenth century the Picture of Perpetual Help was brought from the Island of Crete to Rome, the capital of the Christian world.

2. Whenever anyone was in need of help, he had recourse to the Hodegetria, and not seldom was his confidence rewarded in a miraculous manner; that he, too, who, yielding to our Picture's sweet title of Perpetual Help, has had recourse to her Mother's heart, has not been left unaided, is amply proved by the numerous votive offerings found at all our Lady's shrines.

3. The Hodegetria has been frequently reproduced throughout the world; the copies of Perpetual Help cannot be counted.

Hence, Perpetual Help is, as it were, the heir of that singular blessing which the Blessed Virgin is related to have bestowed herself of old upon the Hodegetria: "My favor shall accompany it."

From the above analogies it is quite evident that both pictures were painted in practically the same manner. Nevertheless there are differences, and these not at all slight and superficial, but vital and all-important, which at once reveal the development of the type as expressed in the Hodegetria. To illustrate:

Our Lady's head inclines sweetly toward her Son, a feature that

lends to Mary's posture an appearance far more tender and compassionate. To the royal majesty of her countenance is added a most profound sorrow, an effect produced by her half-closed eyes indicative of shedding tears.

Far more does our Picture differ from the Hodegetria if we consider the Divine Child. The position of His body is so proper to our painting that it is not found in any other. Christ turns His head outward where He is seriously and attentively contemplating some object. His body is so artfully bent toward His Mother's breast, that these two holy Persons appear as contained in the outlines of the one figure. Moreover, both hands of Jesus are joined in His Mother's right. Then His legs are crossed, and the right foot starting out suddenly from under His garment, strikes the left foot with such a shock that the left sandal is loosened, and appears in the act of falling.

These were changes, to be sure, but changes that brought perfection and beauty and love; changes that eclipsed a splendor that was. The Hodegetria has passed away; it was but the bud, ours the blossom; the dawn, ours the sunset; the mother, ours the daughter; but the daughter of whom the poet sings:

O daughter fairer far than thy fair mother!—*Horace*.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"Thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for favor received."—
Detroit.

"Enclosed find two dollars for Masses in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a safe confinement. I promised publication."—
Chicago.

"Will you please publish in THE LIGUORIAN that I thank the Heart of Jesus and Our Lady of Perpetual Help that at two different times some of my children were spared from severe sickness."—Dunkley,
Colorado.

"Thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a favor received."—
A. W., Chicago.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is proper and nothing more.

Catholic Events

At the annual meeting of the Bishops of the United States held Nov. 14 and 15, at the Catholic University, in Washington, D. C., the Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, read two letters from the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI.

One of these letters was on the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Catholic Near East Welfare Association. In it the Holy Father says:

"We have just read through the report of the money collected during the past year in the United States by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. . . . Likewise We have read the report for the same period on the activities and achievements of the Catholic Near East Welfare Association. . . . A detailed Study of these two reports fills us with admiration and gratitude, and affords us real and genuine comfort. We say that we are filled with admiration, by reason of the brilliancy and importance of the successes reported; with gratitude, for the cooperation on so vast a scale and with such great effect, evincing on the part of so many people of every class and of every section of your immense country such generous and beneficent good will. We are really and genuinely comforted because of the substantial financial help given Us in support of two works of religion which are the object of intense, daily, and we might say, harrowing concern of Our apostolic ministry. . . ."

In the other letter, which is on the Catholic University of America, the Holy Father says:

"Since it is a matter of greatest concern to Us that your undertaking and above all your endeavors in behalf of the Christian education of youth, should succeed as you desire, We rejoice heartily in the growth of your Catholic schools, colleges and seminaries. In particular We are glad to note the progress, which under your direction, has been made by the Catholic University in Washington; because, the more it prospers, the more vigorous and efficient will be your other educational institutions."

In the course of this letter, he also urges the establishment of a Catholic University Day, to be celebrated every year with a collection to be taken up for the benefit of the Catholic University.

* * *

The election of Herbert Hoover to the presidency reminds us of a correspondence between the President-elect and Pope Benedict XV, in 1920, when Hoover was at the head of the American relief work in Europe. The Pope had written to Mr. Hoover, praising him for the work done and recommending the cause of European children to all Americans. Mr. Hoover replied:

"Your Holiness: With profound gratitude I have the honor to

acknowledge the receipt of the letter which your Holiness has communicated to me through His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. I assure you that I very highly appreciate your benevolent sentiments in my behalf for my efforts directed to relieve the misery of suffering Europe. I have no doubt that my fellow citizens will not fail to respond with their usual promptness and generosity to the cause of our appeal. With sentiments of profound admiration, I am, respectfully—Herbert Hoover."

During this exchange of letters, the present Pope, Pius XI, as Msgr. Ratti, was Papal Nuncio to Poland, and there often met Mr. Hoover. Mr. Hoover also visited Pope Benedict XV, when he passed through Rome in 1920.

* * *

The Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J., distinguished Catholic educator and author of many widely read books for boys, died at Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, Nov. 2. His death was caused by heart disease. The priest-author, who was 69 years old, had been in failing health for three years, but it was not until recently that his condition was regarded as serious. The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a daily paper, brought this beautiful tribute editorially, at his death:

"Cincinnati has produced individuals eminent in many of the avenues of human service, but it is to be doubted that she has given to the world a more useful man than Francis J. Finn, whose books have been read by millions, and will be read by additional millions. This fact represents a service to the country and to the cause of Christian living."

* * *

There are now 21,453,928 Catholics in the United States, according to the new issue of "The Catholic Press Directory" just put out by Joseph H. Meier of Chicago.

* * *

Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in an open letter to the New York *Sun*, says:

"As an editor, who during the Smith-Marshall debate, chanced to be where religious controversy was thickest, and who before and since that historic episode has had abundant opportunity to observe the relations in this country between church and state, may I be allowed to bear public and admiring testimony to the dignity, the forbearance and the good citizenship of the Roman Catholic clergy in America? I doubt indeed whether our history affords an instance of a large and cohesive body of men who, under the bitterest provocation, have better kept their self-control and self-respect.

"What they have felt under a campaign of undeserved aspersion could perhaps not be expressed in words. But in all the welter of open slander and covert sneers I have not noted a single un-Christian retort, a single unworthy reply made by a priest of the Church of Rome.

"Let us be just. This church, quite alien to most of us, has taught us a lesson in manners and morals. It is a commonplace of such reasonable conversation as is still conducted during this campaign that, had the Catholic clergy thrown themselves into the hurly-burly after the

pattern of their Methodist brothers, the Republic would have rocked on its foundations. . . . My mail reeks with imbecilities about 'Rum and Romanism.' It is stated that the Jesuits have bought in secret the magazine which I edit. . . .

"The conduct of the Church, high above reproach in this bad crisis, will not be forgotten."

* * *

The New York Times added by way of editorial:

"We are aware that this dignified course of the higher Catholic clergy is said to be only one more proof of the conspiracy of Rome. Orders to keep silent were, it is hinted, sent direct from the Vatican to American Catholics. Another evidence, people exclaim, of the dangerous solidarity of the Catholic Church! There is no way of proving or disproving this assertion, but the fact remains that the refusal of Catholics to enter this presidential election has been both prudent and salutary.

"It was the wisest thing to do, and it was also most in accord with the spirit of the Founder of Christianity. It is recorded that under the most severe accusations, He 'answered not a word.'"

* * *

M. Julius Maniu, recently made Premier of Rumania, is the first Roman Catholic ever to hold this high office in that predominantly Greek Orthodox country. His acceptance of the office was marked by tremendous demonstrations of joy throughout all parts of Rumania. Julius Maniu was head of the National Peasant Party.

* * *

The Catholic Theater Movement is an organization of Catholic priests and Catholic men and women of New York. Their aim is "to maintain the Catholic standpoint with regard to the theater—to develop the conscience and sentiment of Catholics in their patronage of the theater—and thus to uplift the theater. Every Saturday evening at 6:45 a talk on plays is broadcast over WLWL; and from time to time Bulletins are issued giving an idea of the various plays offered on the stage, marking the ones that are worth seeing by people "with an appetite for what is pure and wholesome." In their October bulletin, 41 plays are reviewed, five of which only could be recommended. They are: The Big Pond, Elmer the Great, Eva the Fifth, Relations, and The Cradle Song. In a previous White List they included: Billy, Cross My Heart, Hold Everything, New Moon, Three Cheers, and White Lilacs.

"The Catholic Theater Movement," they inform us, "is not inclined in its appraisal of current plays always to criticize and find fault. The fact, however, cannot be ignored, that in the past four or five years the plays have been astonishingly few in number that could be commended without qualification."

* * *

As an evidence that conditions have not improved in Mexico we note the execution in Tepatitlan de Morelos, of the priest Tranquilino Ubiarco, for secretly administering the Sacraments in his parish.

Some Good Books

Adoration. A Series of Readings, Prayers and Hymns systematically arranged for a Year's Holy Hour for Public and Private Devotion. By Rev. Frederick A. Reuter. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price \$3.00

Bishop Shrembs, who contributes a Foreword, writes: "The devotion of the Holy Hour has become an established fact in our Religious life. It carries a mighty appeal to our people: The plaint of our divine Saviour uttered during the awful agony in the Garden of Gethsemane: 'Could you not watch one hour with Me?... Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation,' seems to come with striking force from the thousands of lonely tabernacles the wide world over, and devout souls gladly hasten to make amends for the coldness of so many others.

"A book presenting suitable readings and prayers for the Holy Hour will be welcomed by priests and people alike. The arrangement of the present manual following the Liturgical cycles of the ecclesiastical year is highly commendable."

And as the liturgical year presents us the life of Christ, so the readings of this book are based on incidents from the life of Christ. It is a book one can recommend unhesitatingly.

The Gospel for the Laity or Jesus, The Teacher of Eternal Salvation. By F. J. Remler, C.M., Published by the B. Herder Co., St. Louis. Price, \$2.00.

"The plan of the book is this—says the author: Our divine Lord is throughout kept before the reader's mind as the Teacher of Eternal Salvation. Salvation is the one great theme He explains. In 14 chapters and a number of subdivisions this subject developed, and various passages bearing on the several points are quoted. In this way each point is illustrated by a formidable array of sayings and teachings with which the Wisdom of God was pleased to instruct us in the science of salvation."

Indeed, it seems to be just the Gospels rearranged. And it is this feature,

I believe, which will endear this book to the reader who has once begun to read it.

The Story of St. Francis for Children. By Sister M. Eleanor, C.S.C. Published by Benziger Bros.

The lives of Our Saints, I am convinced, hold an almost inexhaustible treasure for our children. And we are glad to see St. Francis brought within their grasp. We hope that similar books will make the little ones acquainted with other heroes of our faith. This little book will make a splendid Christmas present for some child.

Readings in First Corinthians. Church Beginnings in Greece. By C. Lattey, S.J., M.A. Published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis. Price, \$1.75.

In the first five chapters of this book Father Lattey writes interestingly of the Letter to the Corinthians, the Apostle St. Paul, his Apostolate, the people of Corinth, and the Writing of the letter. These chapters are full of that kind of information which awakens a new interest in the reading of the Sacred Scriptures and enables one to gain a better understanding of them.

In fifteen chapters then he takes us through the first letter to the Corinthians and adroitly aids us to grasp its meaning by arrangement and comment. There is an appendix on the Doctrine of St. Paul regarding the Mystic Body of Christ.

The author promises to treat similarly other books of the New Testament, should the present volume be acceptable. We hope that this promise will be fulfilled. For it is books like this that will bring people to read and profit by the Word of God.

The Ways of Courage. By Humphrey J. Desmond. Published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis. Price 30 cents.

We are offered here 17 essays, chiefly on Courage. They are excellent. They should help to build up or restore confidence in oneself. And as courage is a virtue we need in daily life and our struggle for heaven, this book will be a good one to add to the home library.

Lucid Intervals

Student caught speeding—"But, officer, I am only a student."

Cop—"Ignorance is no excuse."

Prospective Buyer—"What an odd room this is with no ceiling and open to the sky."

Agent—"Yes, it's the shower-bathroom. The house was built by a Scotchman."

Teacher—"Johnny, your essay on 'Our Dog' is word for word the same as your brother's."

Johnny—"Yes, Teacher, it's about the same dog".

"Whaffo' you lookin' so unnecessary, Rastus?"

"I feels like a dumb owl."

"What yo' mean, Rastus?"

"I just don't give a hoot."

Bozo—"They had a terrible accident in Scotland recently."

Bimbo—"What was it?"

Bozo—"Two taxicabs collided, and 18 Scotchmen were hurt."

Ex-President Tucker of Dartmouth told the following story on himself:

Some years ago he passed several weeks in a Maine country town. The next season he received a letter from the landlady asking him to return. In reply he stated that he should be glad to pass another summer vacation with her, but should require some changes.

"First," said the college president, "your maid Mary is *persona non grata*. Secondly, I think the sanitary conditions would be improved about your house if the pigsty could be moved a little farther from the dining room window."

President Tucker was reassured when he received the following in reply: "Mary has went. We hain't had no hogs since you were here last summer. Be sure and come."

Clerk—"Did you get rid of any moths with those moth-balls you bought?"

Mrs. Simple—"No, I tried for five hours, but I couldn't hit a one."

Patient (to dentist)—"I think you could have got my tooth out easier than that; I could move it about with my two fingers."

Dentist—"Yes, and you could move a cow's tail with one finger."

Small Town Cop—"You can't go through here with your cut-out open."

Motorist—"But I have no cut-out on this car."

Cop—"Then get one put on and keep it closed."

Henry and Harold were discussing the ill luck of a fellow chauffeur named George who had been fined for taking out his employer's car without permission.

"But how did the boss know he had taken the car out?" asked Henry.

"Why," explained Harold, "you see George happened to run over him."

"You are looking very glum this morning, William," remarked old Hiram. "What's wrong with you?"

"I've got a new hat," replied William, scarcely moving his head.

"A new hat!" exclaimed Hiram. "Well, isn't that enough to make you look happy?"

"Yes," admitted William. "But it falls off if I laugh."

Kind Old Gentleman: What do you call those two kittens, Johnny?

Small Boy: I call 'em Tom and Harry.

K. O. G.: Why don't you name them Cook and Peary after the great explorers?

S. B.: Aw, gwan, mister; these ain't polecats.

A colored woman went to her husband's physician and said: "Doctah, Ah's come to see if yo' am gwine to order Rastus one of dem mustard plasters again today." "I think, Mandy, perhaps he'd better have one more." "Well, he says to ax yo' kin he have a slice of ham wif it 'cause it's mighty pow'ful to take alone."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.).....	\$ 522.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.).....	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.)...	2,008.00
Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis)	2,406.67

* * *

Burse of St. Joseph, \$704.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,507.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,965.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$211.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Ann, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$2,010.44; Burse of St. Peter, \$237.25; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$5,000.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$40.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$405.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$2,242.52; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$1,200.00; Promoters' Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$1,369.08; Mary Gockel Burse, \$12.00; Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse, \$59.63.

Books

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT

THE LIFE OF CHRIST

By L. C. Fillion.

Vol. I. Price, \$4.00.

Vol. II. Price, \$4.00.

GREATER PERFECTION

By Sr. Miriam Teresa.

Price, \$2.00.

COMFORT FOR THE SICK

By Clara M. Tiry.

Price, \$2.25.

OUR LADY'S TITLES

By Albert Power, S.J.

Price, \$2.00.

BLUEGOWNS

By Alice Dease.

Price, \$1.50.

CHRIST IN THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT

By Sr. M. Gonzaga.

Price, \$3.00.

BY THE KING'S COMMAND

By Mary B. Littleton.

Price, \$2.00.

MARY ROSE AT ROSE GABLES

By Mary M. Wirries.

Price, \$1.00.

DAN'S WORST FRIEND

By Robert E. Holland, S.J.

Price, \$1.25.

THE STORY OF SIR CHARLES VEREKER

By Jessie A. Gaughan.

Price, \$

TED BASCOMB IN THE COW COUNTRY

By Rev. H. J. Heagney.

Price, \$1.25.

THE TOWN ON THE HILL

By Mrs. George Norman.

Price, \$2.50.

ORDER AT ONCE FROM

THE LIGUORIAN

OCONOMOWOC

Box A

WISCONSIN

